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Saints of the Temple



👁 162 ✓ 2 ★ 8

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

You light the final lamp along the temple's golden archway, wiping a bead of sweat from your labored brow. It is almost ten o'clock, the official time for the priestess' turn-in, but you virtual interns of the sacred grounds must continue your labor well into the night. After all, the night will block the Saints' view of your lowly forms. Why should such lovely creatures be subjected to the sores of the mortal realm? It's the bottom of the ladder in the spiritual world, and you've been assured time and time again that there is room for movement, but there is some doubt in this statement. Mary, nearing sixty harvests, has been here since she was a child with absolutely no sort of promotion or earned titled. Ranks of children come and go, worked to the bone until they are of no use. You are not sure where they eventually end up.

Though you would never mention it, you are sure that money has some pull in this hierarchy. It is whispered amongst your coworkers that Saint Lucia arrived at the grounds with a rich dowry for the gods totalling some twenty million in silver. Such a tall tale isn't exactly a foreign possibility - what with the temple situated in the middle of the citadel, many rich patrons have arrived with far larger in tow.

But that is not your concern. Your concern is general upkeep. Your only concern is general upkeep.

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And perhaps, tonight, it is the fog of the grounds, you

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range figure dash across

And what else hangs from his arms but the most lucrative metal of all - silver.

Chapter 2 by J F



In the dark and the mist of the prenuptial moons it is difficult to follow the shadowy personage, but try you must. The will of the priestesses makes it the primordial directive - to keep the peace, and keep control within the holy lands of the virgins' moon. No disruption of "the way" will be tolerated, and shadowy characters will not be permitted to become vagabond usurpers of the chattel any more than the unredeemed spirits are permitted to manifest here as the common ghostly demons such as are found beyond our protected borders. These cannot be permitted to succeed when attempting to disrupt the good order of The Community of Our Ladies In Waiting.

Humans have protected the secrets for more generations that mankind can count. That much is surely true, for the caverns of the temple are themselves so numerous as to be the cemeteries of many a lone child who, backsliding in sorrow, wandered into error and never found the favor of the paternal lords. (Pray for their renaissance, amen.)

Clinging to the promises of the sacred scripture, hoping that if you can capture this apparition, that perhaps your foot could find a sinkhole into which you could draw him, to send him back to the belly of the Great Whore thus saving the sanctuary and also where he might have a chance of rebirth, (Pray for his renaissance, amen.)

Trying to sneak up on the thing by avoiding the paths wasn't as easy as you might have hoped, but it didn't seem to notice you, in spite of you making sounds that a human would surely have heard. Surely spirits had ears too. The ephemeral thing wandered, dancing as much as gliding through the shadow-casting brush of the gardens and hollows of the moon plaza to the west of the Golden Archway.

Almost as you catch up to it, you notice that it turns ... not facing the archway but facing the crude roughly hewn stone sculpture of something forgotten. Nobody remembers the history of the faun which was as ancient as any. For one thing it was male, AND, he'd opened the way for humans to enter where they are not welcome. (Tumnus! Yes, that's right, I remember now.) And so it is that the worlds have changed and many felt that he is as much demon as the fleshless

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weapon? Just as you are about to break the spell and jump out of the shrubbery, you hear the calm spirit-filling sounds that come from the thing. Here is no demon, for it calls and longs with it's sound, dancing and loving in it's inspiring echo. Suddenly the flowers seem more beautiful and the air is full of the faintest scents. Nothing is in error here, yet this seems all wrong, for the beast has blasphemed the golden archway with it's uncovered backside. In the temple cloister, the sounds of the choral vespers which normally accompany the priestesses to their dreamscape. How can one pray for them when this splendid music draws one into the shadows of the unknown faun?

How can you capture him now that he has you in his spell? Are you wet with tears and emotion as he senses you hiding there? He turns in your direction and just as he hits a particularly intense, high note that causes unbelievable sensations in your whole being, you find that all is silent and lost. Only the aching of loneliness remains.

What is this thing, "all-silver?", that has such power? You lie there on the precipice between what you know and what you want, and feel your life falling into the dangerous unknown. You have wasted this past night, lost work and prayer, and the moon is hiding. You have permitted the intruder to come, blaspheme, and escape AND capture your weak mind. Decide, you ust - and before the sun rises above the horizon, or surely you will go to the abyss for you are nothing but a silly child with a broken heart.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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